

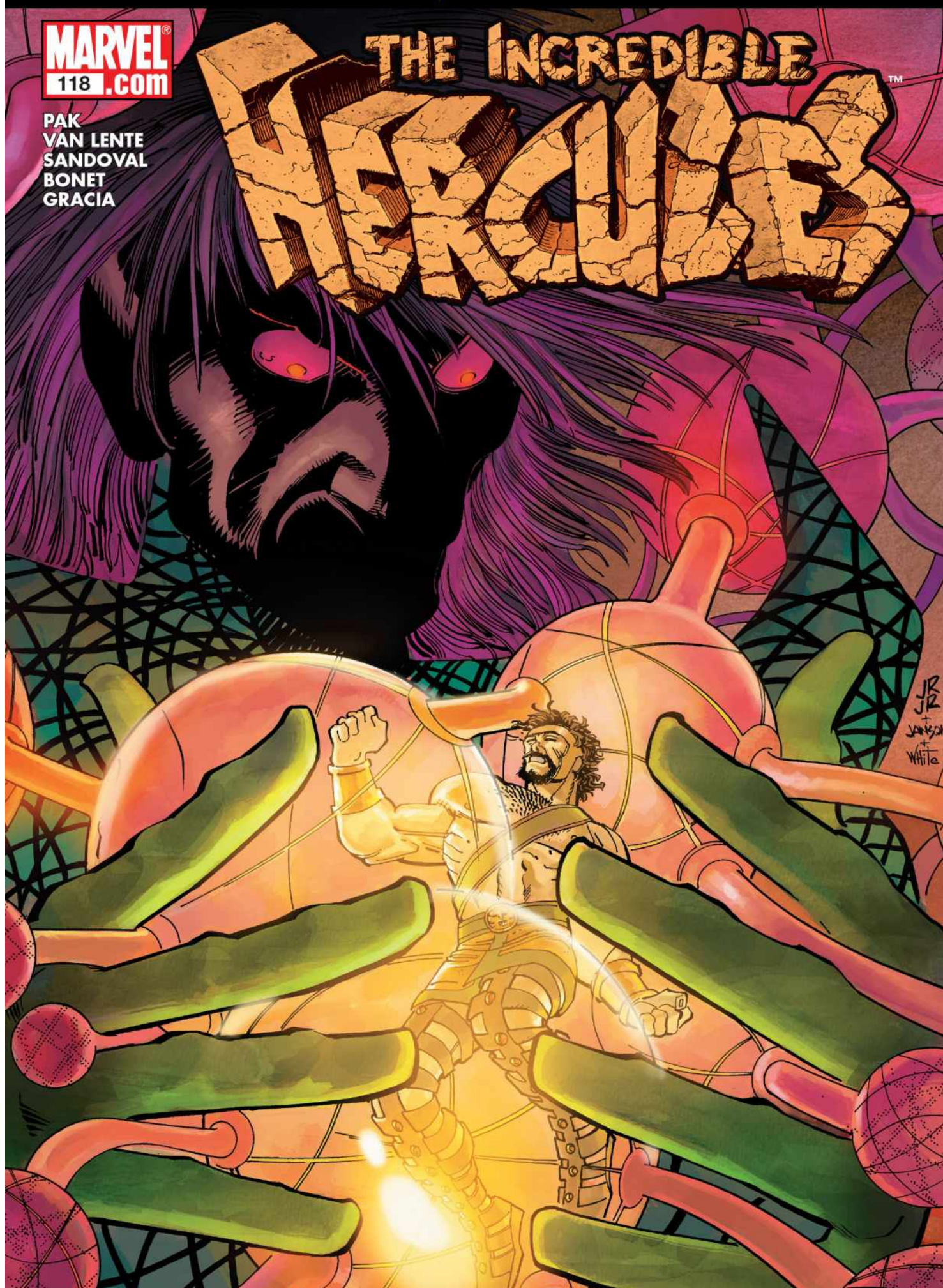
SECRET INVASION™

MARVEL
118 .com

PAK
VAN LENTE
SANDOVAL
BONET
GRACIA

THE INCREDIBLE

HERCULES™



JR
Janson
+ White

AND NOW!

YOUR STARTING LINEUP FOR *THY*
GOD SQUAD!

COLLECTETH ALL VI!

6 feet, 5 inches! Calling
Thebes, Greece home...



HERCULES!
TEAM CAPTAIN

5 feet, 10 inches! Hailing
from the Arctic Circle...



SNOWBIRD!

6 feet, 1 inch! Eternally
from Olympia, Antarctica...



ADAK!

Shape-Shifting all the way
from Yomi, the Japanese
Land Of The Dead...

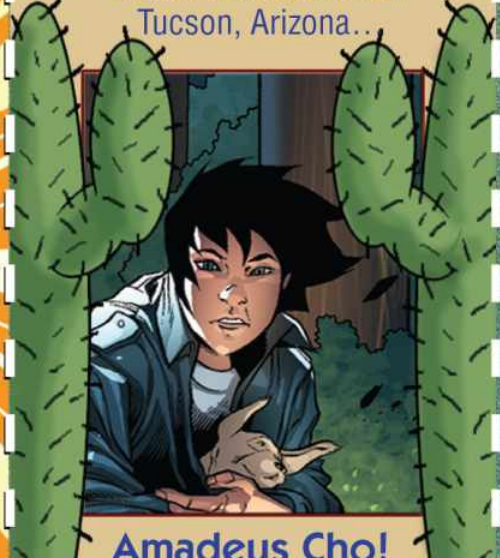


Direct from the Sun
(and hungry!)...



ROOKIE

5 feet, 6 inches! From
Tucson, Arizona...



Amadeus Cho!



"IF YOU WISH
TO COMPLETELY
DESTROY
A PEOPLE...

"...YOU MUST
ALSO DESTROY
THEIR DREAMS.

"AND THE SKRULLS
DO NOT MERELY
CONQUER OTHER
RACES, THEY...

"...CONSUME
THEM.



"IN EVERY CHAPEL
TO KLY'BN THE
ETERNAL ON EVERY
SHIP OF THE LINE...

"...AND IN EVERY SHRINE
TO SL'GUR'T OF
THE INFINITE NAMES
ON EVERY IMPERIAL
SLAWEORLD...

HE LOVES
YOU.

"...THE SUPERIORITY OF
THEIR FAITH IS DISPLAYED
IN AN ENDLESS ROW OF
VANQUISHED IDOLS.

"HADITH, OMEN-MAKER,
PATH-LIGHTER, UPON
WHOSE HATCHDAY THE
QUEEGA OF THE QUOLAN
SYSTEM FASTED...

"...THE SIMPLE DRUFF OF RYAS
WAITED TO SPAWN ASEXUALLY UNTIL
MULTIPLE-MOON ECLIPSES DEEMED
AUSPICIOUS BY THE NAMELESS
BLESSED-OF-LITTERS...

"...THE RAZOR-SHARP
PROBOSCIS OF CEFFYAD
THE RIGHTEOUS ONCE
LANCED THE THORAXES OF
UNBELIEVERS FOR
THE IDOIDEA SWARM
COLLECTIVE...



"THESE GODS
STOOD FOR THE
HIGHEST ASPIRATIONS,
THE NOBLEST VALUES
OF THEIR RESPECTIVE
WORLDS...

HE LOVES



"...BUT NOW
THEY ARE MERELY
THE CULTURAL
CARCASSES OF
MASSACRED
SENTIENTS..."

"...FORGOTTEN BY
ALL SAVE THOSE WHO
ERADICATED THEIR
WORSHIPPERS."



AND
SHOULD WE
FAIL IN OUR
QUEST...



"...OUR HEADS
SHALL JOIN HADITH,
BLESSED-OF-LITTERS
AND CEFFYD ON
THE DUSTY SHELVES
OF SKRULL
FF..."

DUDE,
YOU'RE JUST
A RAY OF
SUNSHINE.





AH. THE
HEART OF THE
DREAMTIME...

SO.
WHICH
WAY?

WE'RE AT
THE FRINGES OF
COLLECTIVE HUMAN
UNCONSCIOUSNESS,
ABOUT TO PASS INTO THE
ABSTRACT REGION OF
PURE SENTIENCE
ITSELF.

IF WE
PICK THE WRONG
ROUTE FROM HERE TO THE
SKRULL PANTHEON, WE COULD
WANDER FOREVER THROUGH
INFINITE ALIEN CONSCIOUSNESSES
OF ALL THE RACES OF THE
UNIVERSE FOR THE REST
OF OUR ENDLESS
LIVES.

OOOKAY.

SO
WHICH
WAY?



NO
IDEA.

SHEESH.





LET'S GO!

WHY SO CHEERFUL ALL OF A SUDDEN, OLYMPIAN?

THE BOY'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING--NIGHTMARE MAY JUST AS SOON HARROW US AS HELP US.

AH, WE'VE ALREADY ALLIED OURSELVES WITH THE JAPANESE GOD OF DARKNESS AND ATUM THE GOD-EATER.

I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH LEFT TO FEAR.

BESIDES--



--IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I ROWED INTO THE UNKNOWN WITH A BAND OF HEROES AND ROGUES.

WE COULD BE ON THE ARGO, HUNTING JASON'S GOLDEN FLEECE.

YOU, AJAK, YOU'RE LIKE ELOQUENT ORPHEUS, WHOSE TONGUE WAS ALWAYS READY WITH WIT OR WISDOM.

I'M GOING TO PRETEND THAT'S A COMPLIMENT.

HEH.



GRIM ATUM BROODS NEARLY AS FETCHINGLY AS FETCHINGLY AS THE GREAT SPARTAN BOXER POLLUX.



FIERCE SNOWBIRD COULD BE SISTERS WITH FERAL ATALANTA, SUCKLED BY A BEAR SOW.



AND MIKABOSHI, MURDERER OF MY FATHER, REMINDS ME OF POSEIDON'S CHANGELING SON PERICYMENUS...

...WHOM I HAD THE PLEASURE OF GUTTING AT THE BATTLE OF



BUT TELL ME, HERCULES...

...WHAT ABOUT YOUNG CHO?





IMMORTALS.

WELCOME.



I WAS JUST
DREAMING
ABOUT YOU.

GREETINGS,
LORD OF
DREAMS. WE
COME--

I ALREADY
KNOW YOUR
QUEST. I SNIFFED
IT FROM THE BOY'S
REVERIES WHILE HE
SLEPT ON YOUR
WAY HERE.



WHOOPS.

AND OF
COURSE IN MY INFINITE
LIBRARIES I HAVE A CHART
TO THE REALM OF THE SKRULL
GODS, AS DREAMERS FROM
OTHER WORLDS DO BLUNDER

ALL I
ASK IN
RETURN...



...IS YOUR FEAR.

WE'RE NOT YOUR USUAL PREY, NIGHTMARE. WE'RE GODS.

YOU MAY CREEP US OUT. BUT YOU CAN'T SCARE US.

NO. OF COURSE NOT. PRINCE OF POWER. BUT... SURELY SOMETHING SCARES YOU.

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO SEE. JUST A HARMLESS LITTLE PEEK...



INDULGE A CONNOISSEUR'S CURIOSITY, WOULD YOU?

IT DOES NOT APPEAR WE HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE, HERCULES.

REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY--



--REALLY BAD IDEA!

PSH.

VERY WELL, NIGHTMARE.

DO YOU HAVE COUCHES FOR US TO LIE DOWN ON, OR--





OFF THE
COAST
OF MYSIA,
1289 B.C.:

...THIS IS
WHERE YOUR
FEAR BEGINS,
LION OF
OLYMPUS.

WITH YOUR
USUAL HUBRIS,
YOU CHALLENGED
JASON TO A ROWING
CONTEST ON
THE ARGO...

...WHICH YOU
LOST WHEN, IN
YOUR CHILDISH OVER-
EXUBERANCE, YOU
SHATTERED YOUR
OWN OAR.



ROARING
WITH DRUNKEN
LAUGHTER, THE
ARGONAUTS SENT YOU
OUT ALONE TO GATHER
LUMBER FOR A
REPLACEMENT...



...WHILE HYLAS,
YOUR ARMS-BEARER,
TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY
TO SEARCH FOR
FRESH WATER.

OF
COURSE,
HYLAS.

SON OF
THEIODAMAS, KING
OF THE DRYOPIANS, WHOM
YOU SLEW DUE TO SOME
LONG-FORGOTTEN
SLIGHT, REAL OR
IMAGINARY.



BUT YOU
SPARED THE
BOY, ON ACCOUNT
OF HIS GREAT BEAUTY,
WHICH BEWITCHED
ALL WHO LOOKED
UPON HIM...



...HUMAN AND
OTHERWISE







YOUR
FAMILY WAS
MURDERED...



YOUR
HERO WAS
BETRAYED...



YOUR
PUP WAS
CRIPPLED...



YOUR
BEST FRIEND IS
DOOMED...



AND
WHEN YOU
FINALLY RUN THE
NUMBERS...

WHEN YOU
TRACE BACK
EVERY VARIABLE,
EVERY LINK, EVERY
TRAJECTORY...

YOU
REALIZE
IT'S ALL...

IT'S
ALL...



...YOUR
FAULT.





HAH!!

WHILE
ALL ELSE
LIVING FEARS
ARMAGEDDON...

...WHAT
WOULD YOU
WHO ENGINEERS
APOCALYPSE
DREAD BUT
ETERNITY?

THE END OF
DAYS PERMANENTLY
FORESTALLED, YOUR
DREADFULLY DULL
EXISTENCE IN THE HEART
OF THE SUN GOING
ON AND ON
AND ON...



AND WHAT
OF THE DARK
SHADOW OF
THE SHINTO
FAITH?

WHAT
SWEET
DESSERT SHALL
YOU SERVE
ME?

LOVE
YOUR
TAILOR, BY
THE WAY...



POP!



POOSH



KE-PONK



THAT
CAN'T BE
GOOD.



MAGIC!

WAIT-- WE HAD A



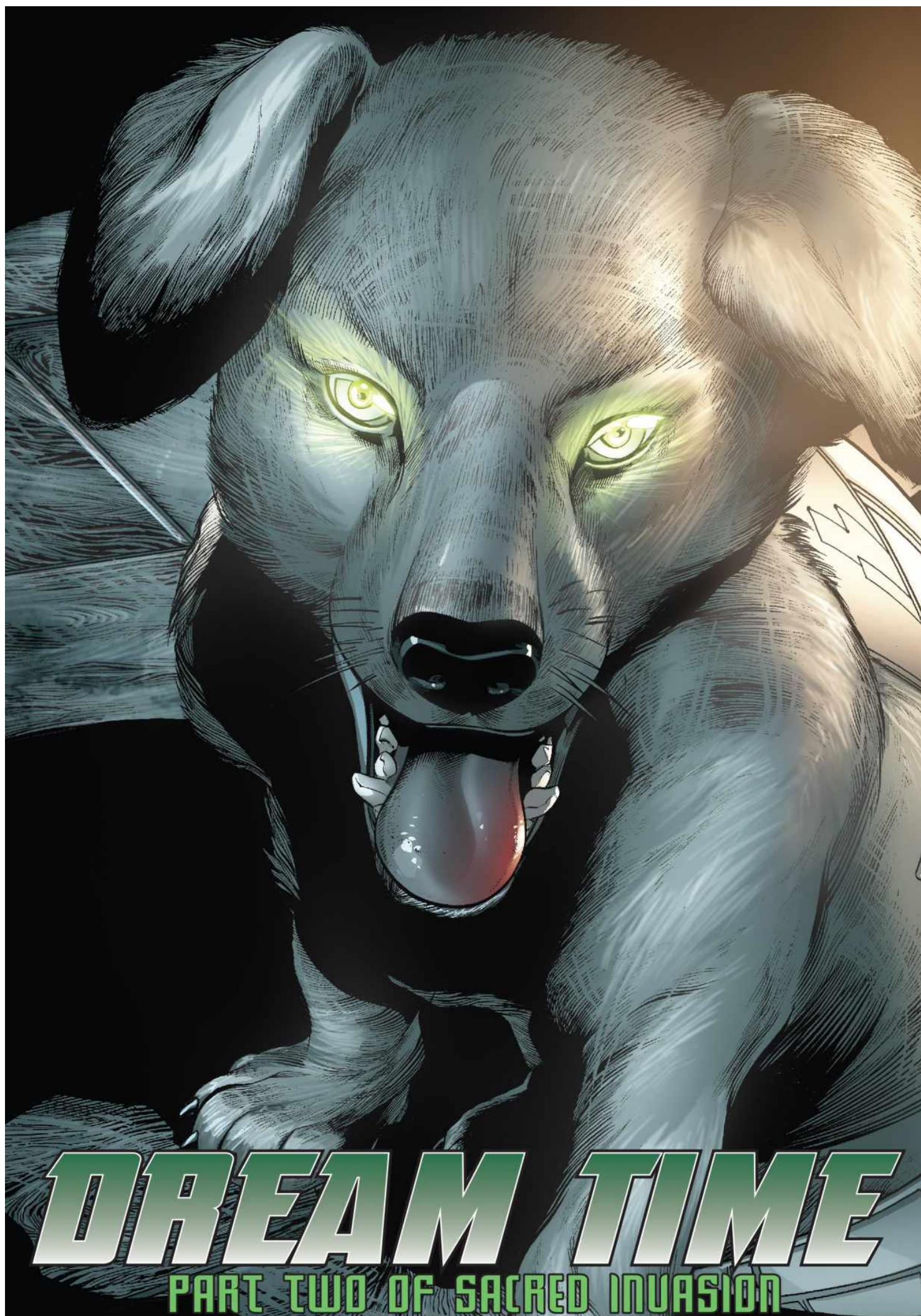












DREAM TIME

PART TWO OF SACRED INVASION

GREG PAK &
ERED VAN LENTE

RAFA
SANDROVAL

ROGER
BONET

MARTEGOD
CRACIA

VC'S JOE
CARAMACHA

ROMITA, JANSON
& WHITE

ANTHONY
DIAL

NATHAN
COSBY

MARK
DANICIA

JOE
QUESADA

DAN
BUCKLEY

NEXT ISSUE!



KIRBY THE SPACE-PUP!

GET THESE!



HULK #4



SKARR: SON OF HULK #1



HULK: RAGING THUNDER

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MINI MARVELS

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